JUVENILE POEMS,

3

FOR THE USE OF

FREE AMERICAN CHILDREN,

OF EVERY COMPLEXION.

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BOSTON:
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1835.

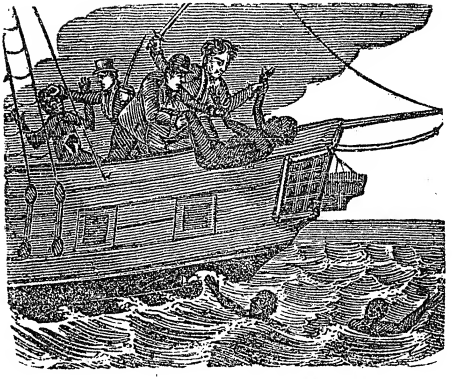
T

PREFACE.

The maxim of Pope—'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined'—is worthy of the wisest of men. As reasonably may we expect to see the freshness, ductility and tenderness of the sapling in the gnarled oak, as to think of uprooting the prejudices or exciting the sensibilities of a generation which has reached the maturity of age as well as of crime. All missionary labors, expended upon the manhood of heathenism or oppression, have been of little service to the cause of righteousness or freedom. The only rational, and certainly the most comprehensive plan of redeeming the world *speedily* from its pollution, is to begin with the infancy of mankind. If, therefore, we desire to see our land delivered from the curse of PREJUDICE and SLAVERY, we must direct our efforts chiefly to the rising generation, whose minds are untainted, whose opinions are unfashioned, and whose sympathies are true to nature in its purity. In accordance with these views, I have made this small collection of poems for the use of children and youth, and trust it will be found worthy of an extensive circulation. W. L. G.

Boston, August 20, 1835.

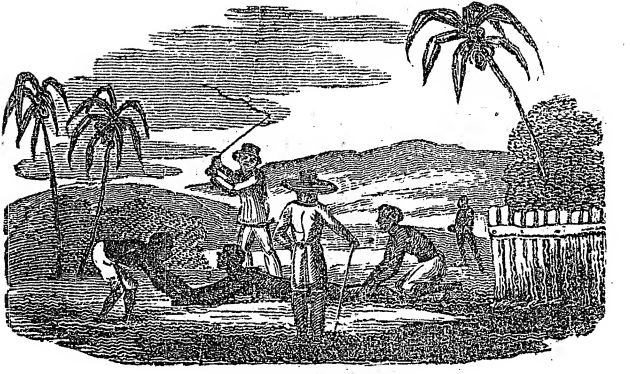
A SLAVE SHIP.



They flung her overboard—poor wr etch!
She rested from her pain:
But when, oh when! O blessed God,
Shall I have rest again?

I saw the sea close over her;
Yet she was still in sight;
I see her twisting every where!
I see her day and night!—*Page* 39.

THE DYING SLAVE.



WHIPPING SLAVES.

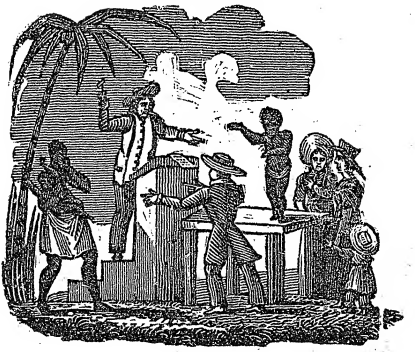
FEMALE CRUELTY.

AN EMANCIPATED FAMILY.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER.

THE HAPPY LITTLE AFRICAN CHILDREN.

SLAVE AUCTION.



'They tore him rude away,
As pillowed on my breast,
I, at the close of day,
Had hushed him there to rest.'

A PICTURE OF SLAVERY.

Page 13.

JUVENILE LIBERATOR.

WHAT IS A SLAVE, MOTHER?

What is a slave, mother? I heard you say
That word with a sorrowful voice one day;
And it came again to my thoughts last night.
As I laid awake in the broad moon-light;
Methinks I have heard a story told
Of some poor men who are bought and sold,
And driven abroad with stripes to toil
The live-long day on a stranger's soil:
Is this true, mother?

May children as young as I be sold,
And torn away from their mother's hold—
From home—from all they have loved and known,
To dwell in the great wild world alone,
Far, far away in some distant place,
Where they may never see their parent's face?
Ah? how I should weep to be torn from you!
Tell me, dear mother, can this be true?
Alas, yes, my child.

Does the master love the slave child well,
That he takes away in his house to dwell?

Does he teach him all that he ought to know,
And wipe his tears when they sometimes flow—
And watch beside him in sickness and pain,
Till health comes back to his cheek again—
And kneel each night by his side to pray,
That God will keep him through life's rough way?
Alas, no, my child.

Ah, then must the tales I have heard be true,
Of the cruel things that the masters do;
That the poor slaves often must creep to bed,
On their scatter'd straw, but scantily fed;
Be sometimes loaded with heavy chains;
And flogged till their blood the keen lash stains;
While none will care for their bitter cry,
Or soothe their hearts when their grief is high!
It is so, my child.

And is it not, mother, a sinful thing,
The bosoms of others with pain to wring—
To bid them go labor and delve the soil,
And seize the reward of their weary toil?
For men to tear men from their homes away,
And sell them for gold like a lawful prey?
Oh, surely the land where such deeds are done,
Must be a most savage and wicked one!
It is this, my child.

THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Father, while the daylight dies,
Hear our grateful voices rise!

For the blessings that we share,
For thy kindness and thy care,
For the joy that fills our breast,
And the love that makes us blest,—
We thank thee, Father!

For an earthly father's arm,
Shielding us from wrong and harm;
For a mother's watchful cares,
Mingled with her many prayers;
For the happy kindred band,
Midst whose peaceful links we stand,—
We bless thee, Father!

Yet, while 'neath the evening skies,
Thus we bid our thanks arise,
Father! still we think of those
Who are bowed with many woes;
Whom no earthly parent's arm
Can protect from wrong and harm,—
The poor slaves, Father!

Ah! while we are richly blest,
They are wretched and distrest!
Outcasts in their native land,
Crush'd beneath oppression's hand,
Scarcely knowing even thee,
Mighty Lord of earth and sea!
Oh save them, Father!

Touch the flinty hearts that long
Have remorseless done them wrong;

Ope the eyes that long have been
Blinded to each guilty scene;
That the slave—a slave no more—
Grateful thanks to thee may pour,
And bless thee, Father!

A LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

Little maiden, little maiden!
With the spring's first blossoms laden,
Pause and list thee, while I tell
Words that thou should'st ponder well.
When thou pluck'd those glowing buds,
Saw'st thou none whom drenching floods,
Chilling winds, or blighting frost,
Rudely to the earth had tost—
Or which some rough foot had trod,
Crush'd and broken, to the sod,—
Till their leaves, all soil'd and stain'd,
Not a brilliant trace retain'd?
Yet had those been kindly rear'd,
They had bright as these appear'd.

Thou art in life's joyous spring,
Fair hopes round thee blossoming!
And the glad thoughts of thy breast
Sweet as perfume o'er thee rest:
Yet not all as young as thou,
Bright one! wear so free a brow.
There are some whose early years

Are all stain'd with hopeless tears,—
Some whose joys and griefs are slighted,
Some whose hearts are crush'd and blighted,
Till each sunny tint is lost
'Neath contempt's unkindly frost.

Little maiden, little maiden!
When thou seest one so laden
With the stains that wrong and wo
O'er the spirit's light will throw,
Pass thou not with scornful eye
And unpausing footstep by;
For within thy shelter'd bower,
That had bloom'd as bright a flower.
Rather do thou lift its head
Gently from its rain-drench'd bed,
And with watchful care restore
All the brilliant hues it wore,
Till its grateful perfume be
Rich and sweet reward to thee.

THE KING-FISHER.*

The King-fisher sat on her hidden nest,
Shielding her young with a downy breast;
She had built her home where the wave went by,
Soothing her ear with its melody;

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* A newspaper paragraph, of last summer, gives an account of the instance of maternal affection in a bird, which has been made the subject of the above lines.

And the wild bright blossoms bent to dip
In the rushing waves their thirsty lip.

Pleasant it was while the skies were fair,
And perfume flung on the sunny air;
While the wind in a low sweet whisper died,
Ere it could ruffle the flowing tide;
And the arching skies o'er the waters threw
The deep clear tint of their own pure blue.

But what that is bright, on earth may last?
Soon were the days of her sunshine past:
On came the storm-winds muttering loud,
Sweeping before them the thunder cloud;
And faster, as flashed the lightning's flame,
Dashing to earth the sky-torrents came.

Yet, with her cold wet wing unstirred,
On her shaken nest sat the mother bird;
Still, 'midst danger and death, she clung
With faithful love to her lifeless young,
Till high around her hath risen the tide,
And with her pinion stretched o'er them she died.

Oh! if affection like this hath part
In the warm depths of a wood-bird's heart—
That e'en to die, is a better fate
Than to leave her dear ones desolate;—
What is the love of a mother's breast,
With the seal of a deathless nature prest?

Yet there are men who will rudely tear
The dearest chords that are cherished there;

Wrench from its mother's frantic hold,
Her weeping babes, to be pawn'd for gold;
And scourge her amidst that living death
If she dares but give her woe to breath!

Know ye the land where such deeds are done,
In the broad light of the blessed sun?
Where the spoiler bursts, with savage hand,
The holy links of the household band;
And the ties of natural love are cast,
With a daring hand to the idle blast?

THE SUGAR PLUMS.

No, no, pretty sugar-plums! stay where you are!
Though my grandmother sent you to me from so far;
You look very nice, you would taste very sweet,
And I love you right well, yet not one will I eat.

For the poor slaves have labored, far down in the south,
To make you so sweet, and so nice for my mouth;
But I want no slaves toiling for me in the sun,
Driven on with the whip, till the long day is done.

Perhaps some poor slave-child that hoed up the ground,
Round the cane in whose rich juice your sweetness was found,
Was flogged till his mother cried sadly to see,
And I'm sure I want nobody beaten for me.

So grandma, I thank you for being so kind,
But your present to-day is not much to my mind;
Though I love you so dearly, I choose not to eat,
Ev'n what you have sent me, by slavery made sweet.

Thus said little Fanny, and skipped off to play,
Leaving all her nice sugar-plums just where they lay;
As merry as if they had gone in her mouth,
And she had not cared for the slaves of the south.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

Ye have gone from me, gentle ones!
With all your shouts of mirth;
A silence is within my walls,
A darkness round my hearth.

The brightness from my life has gone,
The gladness from my heart!
Alas! alas! that such as you
From home and love should part!

Wo to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
The mother's anguish'd shriek!
And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Wo to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good!
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
To meet me, in your glee;
And when the evening shadows fall,
You are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear;
And all things wear a thought of you,—
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing, and my pride!
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side!

Wo for the lot that waiteth you,
My victim babes! through life;
Who now shall teach you to bear up
Amidst its bitter strife?

Wo for your lot, ye doomed ones! wo!
A seal is on your fate!
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await.

ADDRESS OF A LITTLE SLAVE BOY

TO HIS MASTER'S SON.

Dear white young master, hear, I pray,
What your poor black boy aims to say:
I often wonder why should be
Such difference betwixt you and me;

For I'm as tall and strong as you,
And many things as well can do,
Have hands and feet, can run and walk,
Can feel and see, can hear and talk.
'Tis true I am not nice of speech,
For who poor simple black will teach?
For me to labor, dig, and hoe,
Is all that I am like to know;
But you have teachers every day,
And much you learn, at least you may;
They teach you to be good and wise,
But my hard lot this boon denies.
Dear good young master, pray attend,
You can poor friendless black befriend;
Neglected, ignorant, and rude,
I fain would learn, would fain be good:
Oh teach me part of what you know,
You will not lose what you bestow;
And if a slave I still must be,
Oh let my mind at least be free.
I heard your kind mamma one day
A little lesson bid you say,
She bid you fix it in your heart,
Nor ever from its law depart:
'Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you.'
As you repeated what she taught,
My ear, my heart, the lesson caught;
And will he make this rule his guide?
He will, he must, my heart replied:
And oh! what joy to all my race,
When all of his this rule embrace.
Now, dear young master, what would you,
Were our lots changed, wish me to do?

LITTLE SADO'S STORY.*

Why weep'st thou, gentle boy? Is not thy lot
Amidst a home of tenderness, and friends
Who have been ever kind to thee? Thy heart
Should be too young for the world's bitterness,
And the deep grief, that, even amidst thy smiles,
Seems scarce to be forgotten. Thou art good,
A very innocent and gentle boy,
And I would have thee happy. Is there aught
Thou lackest with us, Sado? Did I not
In thy sore sickness, with a mother's care,
Watch by thy couch and nurse thee? Day by day
Have I not taught thee patiently? and more

---

*Robert Sutcliff, in his book of Travels in America, relates the incident which has suggested the above lines. Little Sado was an African boy, who was rescued from an unlawful slave ship by a United States frigate, and provided by the Pennsylvania Abolition Society with a home in a respectable family near Philadelphia.

'Although treated with the greatest tenderness,' says Sutcliff, 'yet he was often seen weeping at the recollection of his near connections. He said that himself and sister were on a visit at a relation's, and that, after the family had retired to rest, they were suddenly alarmed, in the dead of night, by a company of man-stealers breaking into their habitation. They were all carried off towards the sea, where they arrived at the end of three days, and were confined until the vessel sailed.'

'Not long after this negro boy had been brought into S. P's family, he was taken ill of a bad fever; and for a time, there appeared but little hopes of his re-

Than earthly learning, showed thee of the way
To win eternal happiness? A better hope
Than that which only looked to Afric's shore,
To find thy future heaven!—

Yes, thou hast done all this,
And much more, lady! Thou hast been to me,
A true and tireless friend, and may there be
Laid up for thee a full reward of bliss,
In that bright Heaven of which I've heard thee tell,
Where God and all his holy angels dwell.

Yet how can I but weep,
Whene'er I think upon the mother's eye,
That smiled to meet my glance in days gone by,
And watched in tenderness above my sleep,
Now grown all dim with hopeless grief for me,
Who never more may home or parent see.

---

covery, although the best medical help was obtained, and every kindness and attention shown to him.'

'There being now scarcely any prospect of his recovery, his mistress was desirous of administering some religious consolation, and observed to him, as he had always been a very good boy, she had no doubt that if he died at this time, his spirit would be admitted into a state of eternal rest and peace. On hearing this, he quickly replied, 'I know that if I die, I shall be happy; for as soon as my body is dead, my spirit will fly away to my father and mother, and sisters and brothers, in Africa.' The boy recovered. His good conduct had gained him the favor and respect of the whole family, and I have no doubt that the care bestowed upon his education will in due time afford him a brighter prospect of a future state, than that of returning to Africa.'

'Twas a bright sunny morn,
When with glad heart I sprang across the hills,
With my young sister, and beside the rills,
Whose shining waves 'midst clustering flowe
were borne;
While at the cabin-door my mother stood,
And watched our footsteps to the distant wood.

She never saw us more—
For in the dead of night, while deep we slept
Within our uncle's home, the man-thieves crept,
With stealthy step, like tigers, to our door
And, bursting in, they dragged us far away,
A helpless, frightened, unresisting prey.

Ah, lady! now thine eyes
Are wet with tears;—then wonder not *I* weep,
Within whose waking thoughts, or dreams of sleep,
The memories of such scenes as this arise;
And worse than these, the constant thought of pain,
That I shall never see my home again.

Three days they drove us on,
A weary, wretched, and despairing band,
Until with swollen limbs we reached the strand,
Where 'neath the setting sun the sea-wav
shone;
Then grasping in the slave ship's hold we lay,
And wished each groan might bear our lives away.

Ah, thou canst never know
Of all our sufferings in that loathsome den,
And from the cruel and hard-hearted men,
Who mocked at all our anguish and our wo

Until at length thy country's ship came by,
And saved us from our depth of misery.

Yet still, though not a slave,
I am a stranger in a stranger's land,
Far severed from my own dear kindred band,
By many a wide stretched plain and rolling wave;
And, although even with thee my lot is cast,
I cannot lose the memory of the past.

Then wonder not I weep;
For never can my lost home be forgot,
Nor all the loved ones who have made that spot
The Heaven to which e'en yet amid my sleep,
My hopes are sometimes turned—though thou hast taught
My waking hours a holier, better thought.

LETTER

FROM AN INFANT SLAVE TO THE CHILD OF ITS MISTRESS, BOTH BORN ON THE SAME DAY.

Baby! be not surprised to see
A few short lines coming from me,
Addressed to you;
For babies black, of three months old
May write as well as I've been told
Some white ones do.*

---

* See in the Juvenile Miscellany, a letter from an infant in Charleston, S. C. to her cousin in Massachusetts.

There are some things I hear and see,
Which very much do puzzle me,
  Pray don't they you?
For the same day our lives begun,
And all things here beneath the sun,
  To both are new.

Baby, sometimes I hear you cry,
And many run to find out why,
  And cure the pain;
But when I cry from pains severe,
There's no one round who seems to hear;
  I cry in vain.

Except it be when she is nigh,
Whose gentle love, I know not why,
  Is all for me;
Her tender care soothes all my pain,
Brings to my face those smiles again,
  She smiles to see.

With hunger faint, with grief distressed,
I once my wretchedness expressed
  With urgent power;
Some by my eloquence annoyed,
To still my grief rough blows employed—
  Oh, dreadful hour!

When first thy father saw his child,
With hope and love and joy he smiled,
  Bright schemes he planned;
Mine groaned, and said with sullen brow,
Another slave is added now
  To this free land.

Why am I thought so little worth,—
You prized so highly from your birth?
Tell if you know:
Why are my woes and joys as nought,—
With careful love yours shunned or sought?
Why is it so?

My own dear mother, it is true,
Loves me as well as yours does you;
But when she's gone,
None else to me a care extends;
Oh, why have you so many friends,
I only one?

Why must that one be sent away,
Compelled for long, long hours to stay
Apart from me?
I think as much as I she mourns,
And is as glad when she returns,
Her child to see.

One day I saw my mother weep,
A tear fell on me when asleep,
And made me wake;
Not for herself that tear was shed,
Her own woes she could bear, she said,
But for my sake.

She could not bear, she said, to think
That I the cup of wo must drink,
Which she had drunk;
That from my cradle to my grave,
I too must live a wretched slave,
Degraded, sunk.

Her words I scarcely understood;
They seemed to speak of little good
For coming years;
But joy with all my musings blends,
And infant thought not far extends
Its hopes and fears.

I ponder much to comprehend
What sort of beings, gentle friend,
We've got among;
Some things in my experience,
Do much confound my budding sense
Of right and wrong.

Baby, I love you; 'tis not right
To love you less because you're white;
Then surely you
Will never learn to scorn or hate
Whom the same Maker did create
Of darker hue.

Beneath thy pale uncolored skin,
As warm a heart may beat within,
As beats in me.
Unjustly I will not forget,
Souls are not colored white or jet,
In thee or me.

Your coming of the tyrant race,
I will not think in you disgrace,
Since not your choice;
If you're as just and kind to me,
Through all our lives why may not we
In love rejoice?

THE WHITE INFANT'S REPLY

TO THE LITTLE SLAVE.

With many a smile and tear I read
  Your pretty letter, dear;
A smile to think you loved me so,
  And for your griefs a tear.

My mother read your letter too,—
  A tear fell from her eye;
She wished I might have power to break
  Your chains before I die.

As I lay thinking on her words,
  And what they all could mean,
Sleep gently pressed my eyelids down,
  And nought around was seen.

And as I slept I had a dream,
  Which I will tell to you;
I dreamed that I had grown a man,
  And you a man were too;

I thought we loved each other then,
  As well as we do now;
But I thought that you looked very sad,
  And wore a mournful brow.

There came an ugly, cruel man,
  And put on you a chain,
And lashed you with a cruel whip,
  And made you suffer pain.

And then I tried to break that chain,
  And earnest efforts made ;
But the chain was much too strong for me,
  So I called aloud for aid.

I thought because I was a man,
  My voice was very loud ;
And all the country heard my call,
  And I felt glad and proud.

Then all good people of the land
  To help me came with speed;
There was not one of all the good,
  But to my call gave heed.

That cruel whip we soon destroyed,
  That heavy chain we broke ;
The breaking made so loud a noise,
  I started, and awoke.

And then I thought upon my dream,
  And on that cruel chain,
And wondered if I e'er should see
  Such frightful things again.

And then I fixed it in my mind,
  If when we both are men,
Such things should really come to pass,
  I'll do as I did then.

My voice, it *shall* be heard
  Throughout this mighty land ;
For sure I am that all the good
  Will help me heart and hand.

Farewell, dear baby, love me still
As well as I love you;
I ever through my life shall be
Thy friend sincere and true.

THE NEGRO MOTHER

TO HER CHILD, THE NIGHT BEFORE HER SEPARATION.

Fare thee well! my child of sorrow!
Comfort of my dreary heart;
Now I clasp thee, but to-morrow
Sees us wandering far apart.

Oh! the hands that fiercely cruel,
Tore my flesh with agony!
Fiercer hands are those, my jewel,
That shall tear me far from thee.

Day and night, long years of anguish,
I could bear to droop and grieve:
But if thou, my boy, should'st languish,
Who shall watch thee?—who relieve?

Will they force me over waters?
Shall wide hills betwixt us rise?
Tyrants! have they sons and daughters,
And bereave a mother's eyes?

Wilt thou, when long years roll o'er thee,
Years of toil, and wo, and scorn,
Still remember her who bore thee?
Still when thou art most forlorn?

If thou hear'st the name of *mother*
Springing from young lips at play,
Thrilling start, because another
Said what thou hast ceased to say?

Break, thou heart, whose joys are perished,
Break ere end this last sad night;
Ere I leave the child I've cherish'd,
Break—nor see to-morrow's light.

THE POOR LITTLE SLAVE.

I pity the poor little slave,
Who labors hard through all the day—
And has no one,
When day is done,
To teach his youthful heart to pray.

No words of love—no fond embrace—
No smiles from parents kind and dear;
No tears are shed
Around his bed,
When fevers rage, and death is near.

None feel for him when heavy chains
Are fastened to his tender limb;
No pitying eyes—
No sympathies—
No prayers are raised to heaven for him.

But I will pity the poor slave,
And pray that he may soon be free;
That he at last,
When days are past,
In heaven may have his liberty.

THE AFRICAN MOTHER.*

The Spoiler came to tear
The sleeping infant from its mother's breast,
While it lay slumb'ring in a peaceful rest,
Beneath the parent's care:
As if the stain the God of Nature gave,
Had marked it only for the *white man's slave.*

Trembling the mother lay,
As she beheld th' unconscious babe depart,
And felt the kindling anguish of the heart,
That knoweth not decay.
Then rose her deep shrill cry upon the air,
Like the sad wailings of the soul's despair.

And for that sacred cry,
They tried the *whip* in all its horrors drest,
To *lash* affection from her widowed breast;
Or bid the feeling die.
They might as well bid death itself depart,
As tear that anguish from the parent's heart.

Another child was left,—
And she would pour in its unconscious ear,
The mother's tale of sorrow and of fear,
Until of that bereft;
Then the lone heart felt all its woes again,
And madness settled on the throbbing brain.

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* 'A master of slaves in Jamaica wanted money, and one of his female slaves having two children, he sold one of them, and her child was torn from her maternal affections. In the agony of her feeling, she made a hideous howling, and for that crime was flogged. Soon after, he sold the other child; this turned her heart within her, and impelled her to madness.'

That heart was turned to stone,
And her wild eyes glared horribly around;
Though from her quiv'ring lips escaped no sound—
Save but the idiot's groan.
She was a *maniac*—reason there was dead—
And from its throne had ev'ry feeling fled.

Good God! what hast thou given
Unto the white man here? that he should be,
A scourge to Afric's sons—to liberty?
Hast thou a place in heaven,
Apart for those of the fair florid skin,
Where not a black shall be admitted in?

No—for the white man's God
Knows no distinction; and the famished slave
Will find a lasting peace beyond the grave,
Far from the tyrant's rod;
Where none but good men dare to take their flight,
There shall the *black man* sit beside the *white.*

There will all slavery end—
Yes, there beyond those brilliant gems on high,
No black shall tremble 'neath the master's eye;
For God will be his friend!
Then bow, poor black, and still His mercy crave
For He will judge the master and the slave.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

He stopt! it surely was a groan
That from the hovel came;
He stopt! and listened anxiously—
Again it sounds the same.

It surely from the hovel comes—
And now he hastens there;
And thence he hears the name of Christ,
Amidst a broken prayer.

He entered in the hovel now:
A sailor there he sees;*
His hands were lifted up to heaven,
And he was on his knees.

Nor did the sailor, so intent,
His wand'ring footsteps heed;
But now the Lord's prayer said, and now
His half forgotten Creed.

And often on his Saviour called,
With many a bitter groan,
In such heart anguish as could spring
From deepest guilt alone.

He asked the miserable man,
Why he was kneeling there;
And what the crime had been, that caused
The anguish of his prayer.

'Oh! I have done a wicked thing!
It haunts me night and day!
And I have sought this lonely place,
Here undisturbed to pray.

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*In September, 1798, a minister of Bristol discovered a sailor in the neighborhood of that city, groaning and praying in a hovel. The circumstance that occasioned his agony of mind is detailed in the above ballad, without the slightest addition or a'

I have no place to pray on board;
So I came here alone;
That I might freely kneel and pray,
And call on Christ, and groan.

If to the mainmast head I go,
The wicked one is there;
From place to place, from rope to rope,
He follows every where.

I shut my eyes—it matters not;
Still, still the same I see—
And when I lay me down at night,
'Tis always day with me.

He follows—follows every where—
And every place is hell!
O God, and must I go with him,
In endless fire to dwell?

He follows—follows every where—
Is still above—below—
Oh tell me where to fly from him!
Oh tell me where to go!'

'But tell me,' quoth the stranger then,
'What this thy crime hath been;
So, haply, I may comfort give
To one that grieves for sin.'

'Oh! I have done a cursed deed,'
The wretched man replies,
'And night and day, and every where,
'Tis still before my eyes.

I sailed on board a guinea-man,
And to the slave coast went—
Would that the sea had swallowed me,
When I was innocent!

And we took in our cargo there,
Three hundred Negro slaves;
And we sailed onward merrily,
Over the ocean waves.

But some were sulky of the slaves,
And would not take their meat;
So, therefore, we were forced, by threats
And blows, to make them eat.

One woman, sulkier than the rest,
Would still refuse her food—
Hark! hark! e'en now I hear her cries!
I see her in her blood!

The captain made me tie her up,
And flog, while he stood by:
And then he cursed me if I staid
My hand, to hear her cry.

She groaned, she shrieked—I could not spare.
For the captain he stood by—
Oh God! that I might rest one night
From this poor woman's cry!

She twisted from the blows—her blood,
Her mangled flesh I see;
And still the captain would not spare—
Oh, he was worse than me!

She could not be more glad than I,
  When she was taken down;
A blessed minute—'twas the last
  That I have ever known.

I did not close my eyes all night,
  Thinking what I had done;
I heard her groans, and they grew faint
  About the rising sun.

She groaned, and groaned; but her moans grew
  Fainter at morning tide;
Fainter and fainter still they came,
  Till at the noon she died.

They flung her overboard—poor wretch!
  She rested from her pain:
But when, oh when! O blessed God,
  Shall I have rest again?

I saw the sea close over her;
  Yet she was still in sight;
I see her twisting every where!
  I see her day and night!

Go where I will, do what I can,
  The wicked one I see;
O Christ, have mercy on my soul!
  O God, deliver me!

To-morrow I set sail again,
  Not to the Negro shore:
Wretch that I am, I will at least
  Commit that sin no more.

Oh give me comfort, if you can—
  Oh tell me where to fly;
And bid me hope, if there be hope
  For one so lost as I.'

'Poor wretch!' the stranger he replied,
  'Put thou thy trust in Heaven,
And call on Him for whose dear sake
  All sins shall be forgiven.

This night, at least, is thine; go thou
  And seek the house of prayer;
There shalt thou hear the word of God,
  And He will help thee there.'

THE BECHUANA BOY.

A STORY OF THE CAPE SETTLEMENT.

I sat at noon-tide in my tent,
  And looked across the desert, dun,
That 'neath the cloudless firmament
  Lay gleaming in the sun;—
When, from the bosom of the waste,
A swarthy stripling came in haste,
With foot unshod and naked limb,
And a tame springbok following him.

He came with open aspect bland,
  And modestly before me stood,
Caressing with a kindly hand
  That fawn of gentle brood;
Then meekly gazing in my face,
Said, in the language of his race,
(With smiling look, yet pensive tone)—
'Stranger!—I'm in the world alone!'

'Poor boy,' I said, 'thy kindred's home,
Beyond far Stormberg's ridges blue,
Why wast thou left, so young, to roam
This desolate Karroo?'
The smile forsook him while he spoke—
And when again he silence broke,
It was with many a stifled sigh
He told his strange sad history:—
'I have no kindred!' said the boy,
'The Bergenaars—by night they came,
And raised their murder-shout of joy,
While o'er our huts the flame
Rushed like a torrent; and their yell
Pealed louder as our warriors fell
In helpless heaps beneath their shot—
One living man they left us not.'
'The slaughter o'er, they gave the slain
To feast the foul-beaked birds of prey;
And with our herds across the plain
They hurried us away—
The widowed mothers and their brood;
Oft, in despair, for drink and food
We vainly cried—they heeded not,
But with sharp lash the captives smote.
'Three days we tracked that dreary wild,
Where thirst and anguish pressed us sore;
And many a mother and her child
Lay down to rise no more:
Behind us, on the desert brown,
We saw the vultures swooping down,
And heard, as the grim night was falling,
The gorged wolf to his comrade calling.

'At length was heard a river sounding
Amidst that dry and dismal land,
And like a troop of wild deer bounding,
We hurried to its strand—
Among the maddened cattle rushing,
The crowd behind still forward pushing,
Till in the flood our limbs were drenched,
And the fierce rage of thirst was quenched.

'Hoarse-roaring, dark, the broad Gareep
In turbid streams was sweeping fast—
Huge sea-cows in its eddies deep
Loud snorting as we passed;
But that relentless robber clan
Right through those waters, wild and wan,
Drove on, like sheep, our captive host,
Nor staid to rescue wretches lost.

'All shivering from the foaming flood,
We stood upon the strangers' ground,
When, with proud looks and gestures rude,
The white men gathered round:
And there, like cattle from the fold,
By Christians we were bought and sold,
'Midst laughter loud and looks of scorn,—
And roughly from each other torn.

'My mother's scream so long and shrill,
My little sister's wailing cry,
(In dreams I often hear them still!)
Rose wildly to the sky.
A tiger's heart came to me then,
And madly 'mong those ruthless men
I sprang!—Alas! dashed on the sand,
Bleeding, they bound me foot and hand.

'Away—away on bounding steeds
The white man-stealers fleetly go,
Through long low valleys, fringed with reeds,
O'er mountains capped with snow,—
Each with his captive, far and fast;
Until yon rock-bound ridge was passed,
And distant stripes of cultured soil
Bespoke the land of tears and toil.

'And tears and toil have been my lot
Since I the white man's thrall became,
And sorer griefs I wish forgot—
Harsh blows and burning shame.
Oh, English chief! thou ne'er canst know
The injured bondman's bitter woe,
When round his heart, like scorpions, cling
Black thoughts that madden while they sting!

'Yet this hard fate I might have borne,
And taught in time my soul to bend,
Had my sad yearning breast forlorn
But found a single friend:
My race extinct, or far removed,
The boor's rough brood I could have loved—
But each to whom my bosom turned,
Even like a hound the black boy spurned!

'While, friendless thus, my master's flocks
I tended on the upland waste,
It chanced this fawn leapt from the rocks,
By wolfish wild-dogs chased:
I rescued it, though wounded sore,
All dabbled with its mother's gore,
And nursed it in a cavern wild,
Until it loved me like a child.

'Gently I nursed it—for I thought
(Its hapless fate so like to mine)
By good *Utika* it was brought,
To bid me not repine—
Since, in this world of wrong and ill,
One creature lived to love me still,
Although its dark and dazzling eye
Beamed not with human sympathy.

'Thus lived I, a lone orphan lad,
My task the proud boor's flocks to tend;
And this pet fawn was all I had
To love, or call my friend;
When, suddenly, with haughty look
And taunting words, the tyrant took
My playmate for his pampered boy,
Who envied me my only joy.

'High swelled my heart!—but, when the star
Of midnight gleamed, I softly led
My bounding favorite forth, and far
Into the desert fled.
And there from human kind exiled,
Four moons on roots and berries wild
I've fared—and braved the beasts of prey,
To 'scape from spoilers worse than they.

'But yester morn a Bushman brought
The tidings that thy tents were here—
And now rejoicingly I've sought
Thy presence—void of fear;
Because they say, O English chief,
Thou scornest not the captive's grief:
Then let me serve thee—as thine own—
For I am in the world alone!'

Such was Marossi's touching tale,
Our breasts they were not made of stone—
His words, his winning looks prevail—
We took him for 'our own:'—
And one, with woman's gentle art,
Unlocked the fountain of his heart,
And love gushed forth, till he became
Her *child*—in every thing but name.

EXPLANATION OF TERMS.

Bergenaars—Mountaineers, a marauding horde, of Griqua or Mulatto lineage, inhabiting the skirts of the Stormberg mountains, beyond the north-eastern frontier of the Cape Colony. *Bushman*—a wild Hottentot. *Gareep*—native name of the great Orange river. *Springbok*—antelope, pygarga, or euchore. *Wild Dog*—*wilde hond* of the colonists—hyæna vanatica. *Sea Cow* or *Zeekoe*—the colonial term for the hippopotamus. *Utika*—*i. e.* Beautiful—the Supreme Spirit.

The above poem is from the London Keepsake, for 1830, and was written by Mr. PRINGLE, the editor of that work. In a brief introduction, the author says that 'the chief incidents of the tale were related to him by an African boy, whom he first met with near the borders of the great Karroo, or Arid Desert. The expression of the orphan stranger, when asked about his kindred, was literally—'I am all alone in the world!' A few slight circumstances, characteristic of the country, are almost all that has been added to poor Marossi's affecting narrative. The system of outrage and oppression of which this gives a specimen, has been ably developed by Dr. Philip, in his 'Researches in Africa.' Here let us ask: How many equally distressing 'tales of woe'—of ruthless wrong and outrage—might be related by thousands of young negroes in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, &c. who have been STOLEN from their connexions in Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky.—*Genius of Universal Emancipation.*

THE LITTLE NEGRO BOY.

'I cannot wash it off,'—
Said the little negro boy;
Whose countenance ne'er shone
With the beaming light of joy—
'I went down to the river
While my massa's people slept;
But I could not wash it off,'
Said the negro boy, and wept.

He had looked upon his master's child,
And thought, with what delight
It would fill his little breaking heart,
Where his brow so pure and white:
And softly to the river's brink,
At early dawn he crept,
But 'I cannot wash it off,'
Said the negro boy—and wept!

Though dark his brow as ebony,
And sable was his skin;
The gentle mind that he possess'd,
Was pure and fair within;
But the *Ethiop dyes*, which guilt and sin
Have spread o'er human clay,
Nor *Pharpar* nor *Abana's* stream
Can cleanse or wash away.

Oh, no!—but there's a fountain,
Whose sacred source is heaven,
Whose ever living waters
To a sinful world are given;

'Wash in that *Jordan*, and be cleansed,'
Faith hears the spirit say—
'Go to that pure and holy stream,
And wash those stains away.'

LOOKING AT THE SOLDIERS.

Mother, the trumpets are sounding to-day,
And the soldiers go by in their gallant array!
Their horses prance gaily, their banners float free,
Come, come to the window, dear mother, with me!

Do you see how their bayonets gleam in the sun,
And their soldier-plumes nod, as they slowly march on?
And look to the regular tread of their feet!
Keeping time to the sound of the kettle-drum's beat.

This, mother, you know, is a glorious day,
And Americans all should be joyous and gay;
For the Fourth of July saw our country set free:
But you look not delighted, dear mother, like me!

No, love, for that shining and brilliant display,
To me, only tells of war's fearful array;
And I know that those bayonets flashing so bright,
Were made in man's blood to be spoiled of their light.

And the music that swells up so sweet to the ear,
In a long gush of melody, joyous and clear,
Just as freely would pour out its wild, thrilling flood,
To stir up men's hearts to the shedding of blood!

Our country, my boy, as you tell me, is free—
But even that thought brings a sadness to me;
For less guilt would be hers were her own fettered hand
Unable to loosen her slaves from their band.

We joy that our country's light bonds have been broke,
But her sons wear, by thousands, a life-crushing yoke;
And yon bayonets, dear, would be sheathed in their breast,
Should they fling off the shackles that round them are prest.

Even 'midst these triumphant rejoicings to-day,
The slave-mother weeps for her babes torn away,
'Midst the echoing burst of these shouts to be sold,
Human forms as they are, for a pittance of gold.

Can you wonder, then, love, that your mother is sad,
Though yon show is so gay, and the crowd is so glad?
Or will not my boy turn with me from the sight,
To think of those slaves sunk in sorrow and night!

THE SLAVE MOTHER.*

The day had scarce begun to dawn;
The sun, behind the hills,
Had far to journey, ere his rays
Should gild the mountain rills.

A woman with three little ones
Came from a lowly shed,
And out upon a lonely path
Those little ones she led.

---

*It may be sufficient to state, that the above ballad is the plain narration of an incident, which happened in Kentucky, in 1831.

The morn was dark and lowering,
And scarcely one might see,
When at a distance they appeared,
What woman she might be.

She led those little ones along,
And not a word she said;
They seemed, as they were passing on,
Like shadows of the dead!

The oldest was a little boy,
Some six warm summer's old;
And doubtless to a mother's sight,
Was lovely to behold.

The others were two little girls;
Just old enough were they,
Led by their mother's helping hand,
To walk along the way.

'Where are we going, Mother, now?'
The little brother spoke;
'Oh, I was dreaming a sweet dream,
Just as we all awoke!'

'We're going but a little way,
Come, children, come along;
You cannot think a mother's hand
Would lead her babies wrong!

'Oh, I have suffered much for you,
Nor will I live to see
The dreadful evils come to you,
Which long have come to me!

'When I was old as you, my son,
I can remember well,
How I was brought across the sea,
With wicked men to dwell.

'They tore me from my mother's arms,
And brought me here to toil,
And every day my tears and blood
Have stain'd this hated soil.

'Last evening I was beat again,
Though faint as I could be!—
No, children, such a wretched fate
You shall not live to see!'

She stopt beside a little spring,
That in the meadow flowed,
Just as the first faint gleam of dawn
Along the valley glowed.

The morning showed those little ones
Were like the sable night,
But well the wretched mother knew
Their little souls were white.

She took her little darling babes,
And put them in the spring!
It would have grieved a human heart
To see so sad a thing.

She held her little babies there,
Until they all were dead!
But though her soul was drenched outright,
Yet not a tear she shed.

Let none who know not suffering,
That mother cruel call;
It was that she had felt so much,
She did not feel at all!

She took her little babies then,
And laid them side by side;—
'Twas there beside the meadow spring,
Where those dear babies died.

She laid her little babies there,
Three children cold as clay;
And long beside the meadow spring,
She kissed them where they lay.

The wretched mother turned away,
With none her grief to heed;
Then down the valley she returned,
Again to toil and bleed!

THE SLAVE DEALER.

From ocean's wave a wanderer came,
With visage tanned and dun;
His mother, when he told his name,
Scarce knew her long lost son;
So altered were his face and frame,
By the ill course he had run.

There was hot fever in his blood,
And dark thoughts in his brain;
And O! to turn his heart to good,
That mother strove in vain;
For fierce and fearful was his mood,
Racked by remorse and pain.

And if, at times, a gleam more mild
Would o'er his features stray,
When knelt the widow near her child,
And he tried with her to pray,
It lasted not; for visions wild
Still scared good thoughts away.

'There's blood upon my hands,' he said,
'Which water cannot wash;
It was not shed where warriors bled,
But dropped from the gory lash,
As I whirled it o'er and o'er my head,
And with each stroke left a gash.

'With every stroke I left a gash,
While negro blood sprang high—
And now all ocean cannot wash
My soul from murder's dye;
Not e'en thy prayer, dear mother, quash
That woman's wild death-cry!

'Her cry is ever in my ear,
And will not let me pray;
Her look I see—her voice I hear—
As when in death she lay,
And said, "With me thou must appear,
On God's great Judgment Day."'

THE PETITION OF A NEGRO BOY.

There is a book, I've heard them say,
Which says, 'Thou shalt not work nor play
On God Almighty's holy day.'
On Sundays, then, oh! let me look
In God Almighty's holy Book!

This Book, to which you oft appeal,
Does thus the will of God reveal,
'Thou shalt not murder, lie, nor steal.'
Then let your little Negro look
In God Almighty's holy Book!

Dear Massa, you have been to me
As good and kind as man can be,
And many such with joy I see;
Then let your little slave-boy look
In God Almighty's holy Book!

But oh! before I'm grown a man,
I pray, in one thing mend your plan,
And give us all you safely can.
I'm sure you will, if you'll but look
In God Almighty's holy Book!

If wife and babe should e'er be mine,
Round each when fond affections twine,
Oh! part us not, we'll all be thine.
We will not mind the sultry weather,
If we may love and work together.

The stripes, 'tis said that Jesus bore,
Could we but read *his* sufferings sore,
Would make ours lighter than before.
Yes, every sorrow *we* could brook,
By studying God Almighty's Book!

I'm told, this Book, so wise and good,
Has made it fully understood
God made all nations of one blood;
If this be true, I then may meet
My Massa at my Saviour's feet.

THE NEGRO BOY'S TALE.

Haste! hoist the sails! fair blows the wind:
Jamaica, sultry laid, adieu!
Away, and loitering Anna find!
I long dear England's shores to view.

The sailors gladly haste on board,
Soon is Trevanion's voice obey'd,
And instant at her father's word,
His menials seek the absent maid.

But where was loitering Anna found?
Mute listening to a Negro's prayer,
Who knew that sorrow's plaintive sound
Could always gain her ready ear:

Who knew, to soothe the slave's distress,
Was gentle Anna's dearest joy,
And thence an earnest suit to press,
To Anna flew the Negro boy.

'Missa,' poor Zambo cried, 'sweet land,
Dey tell me dat you go to see,
Vere soon as on de shore he stand,
De helpless negro slave be free.

Ah! dearest Missa! you so kind,
Do take me to dat blessed shore,
Dat I, mine own dear land may find,
And doze who love me, see once more.

Oh ven no slave, a boat I buy,
For me a *letel* boat vould do,
And over wave again I fly,
Mine own dear Negro land to view.

Oh! I should know it quick like tink,
No land so fine as dat, I see,
And den perhaps upon de brink
My moder might be look for me.

It is long time since lass we meet,
Ven I vas take by bad vite man,
And moder cry, and kiss his feet,
And shrieking after Zambo ran.

Oh Missa! long, how long me feel
Upon mine arm her last embrace;
Vile in de dark, dark ship I dwell,
Long burn her tear upon my face.

How glad me vas she did not see
De heavy chain my body bear,
Nor close, how close ve crowded be,
Nor feel how bad, how sick de air.

Poor slaves!.....But I had best forget;
Dey say (but teaze me in deir joy,)
Me grown so big, dat ven ve meet,
My moder would not know her boy.

Ah! sure 'tis false! but what if no?
Ven I again my moder see,
Such joy I at her sight would show,
Dat she vould tink it must be me.

Den, kindest Missa, be my friend,
Dou dat indeed you long become;
But now one greatest favor lend,
Oh! find me chance to see my home.

And ven I'm in my moder's arms,
  And tell de vonders I have know,
I'll say most best of all de charms,
  Vas she who feel for Negro's wo.

And she shall learn for you dat prayer,
  Dey teach to me, to make me good:
Dou men who sons from moders tear,
  She'll tink, teach goodness, never could.

Dey say I should to oders do,
  Vat I vould have dem do to me,
But if dey preach and *practice* too,
  A Negro slave me vould not be.

Missa, dey say dat our black skin
  Be ugly, ugly to de sight;
But surely, if dey look vidin,
  Missa, de Negro's heart be vite.

Yon cocoa-nut no smooth as silk,
  But rough and ugly is de rind;
Ope it, sweet meat, and sweeter milk
  Vidin dat ugly coat ve find.

Ah, Missa, smiling in your tears,
  I see you know what I'd impart;
De cocoa husk, de skin I vear,
  De milk vidin be Zambo's heart.

Dat heart love you and dat good land,
  Vere every Negro slave be free,
Oh! if dat England understand,
  De Negro's wrongs, how wrath she be!

No doubt dat ship she never send,
Poor harmless Negro slave to buy,
Nor vould she ere de wretch befriend,
Dat dare such cruel bargain try.

Oh! Missa's God! dat country bless'—
Here Anna's color went and came:
But saints might share the pure distress,
For Anna blushed at others' shame.

'But, Missa, say, shall I vid you,
To dat sweet England now depart,
Once more my own good country view,
And press my moder to my heart?'

Then on his knees poor Zambo fell,
While Anna tried to speak in vain;
Th' expecting boy she could not tell
He'd ne'er his mother see again.

But while she stood in mournful thought,
Nearer and nearer voices came,
The servants loitering Anna sought,
The echoes rang with Anna's name.

Ah! then o'ercome with boding fear,
Poor Zambo seized her trembling hand—
'Mine only friend,' he cried, 'me fear
You go and me not see my land.'

Anna returned the artless grasp—
'I cannot grant thy suit,' she cries;
'But I my father's knees will clasp,
Nor will I, till he hears me, rise.

For should thine anxious wish prove vain,
And thou no more thy country see,
Still Pity's hand might break thy chain,
And lighter bid thy labors be.

Here cruel stripes, alas! are thine,
And tasks far, far beyond thy powers—
But I'll my father's heart incline
To bear thee to more friendly shores.

Come to the beach—for me they wait!'
Then grasping Zambo's sable hand,
Swift as the wind, with hope elate,
The lovely suppliant reached the strand.

But wo betides an ill-timed suit!
His temper, soured by her delay,
Travanion bade his child be mute,
Nor dare such fruitless hopes betray.

'I know,' she cried, 'I cannot free
The countless slaves that round me pine;
But one poor Negro's friend to be
Might (blessed chance) might now be mine.'

But vainly Anna wept and prayed,
And Zambo knelt upon the shore;
Without reply, the pitying maid
Travanion to the vessel bore.

Meanwhile poor Zambo's cries to still,
And his indignant grief to tame,
Eager to act his brutal will,
The Negro's scourge-armed ruler came.

The whip is raised—the lash descends—
And Anna hears the sufferer's groan:
But while the air with shrieks she rends,
The signal's given, the ship sails on.

That instant, by despair made bold,
Zambo one last great effort tried;
He burst from his tormentor's hold,
And plunged within the foaming tide.

The desperate deed Travanion views,
And all his weak resentment flies:
'See! see! the vessel he pursues!
Help him, for mercy's sake!' he cries.

'Out with the boat! quick! throw a rope!
Wretches! how tardy is your aid!'
While pale with dread, or flushed with hope,
Anna the awful scene surveyed.

The boat is out—the rope is cast—
And Zambo struggles with the wave!
Ah! he the boat approaches fast!
Oh, *Father*, we his life shall save!'

'But low my child, and lower yet,
His head appears;—but sure he sees
The succor given—and seems to meet
Th' opposing waves with greater ease;

See! see! the rope, the boat he nears!
I see him now his arms extend!
My Anna, dry those precious tears—
My child *shall* be one Negro's friend!'

Ah! fate was near that hope to foil;
To reach the rope poor Zambo tries,
But, ere he grasps it, faint with toil,
The struggling victim sinks and dies!

Anna, I mourn thy virtuous wo—
I mourn thy father's keen remorse;
But from my eyes no tears would flow
At sight of Zambo's silent corse.

The orphan from his mother torn,
And pining for his native shore—
Poor tortured slave! poor wretch forlorn!
Can I his early death deplore?

I pity those who live and groan;
Columbia countless Zambos sees,
And swelled with many a wretch's moan
Is western India's sultry breeze.

Come, *Justice*, come! in glory drest:
Oh come! the wo-worn Negro's friend—
The fiend-delighting trade arrest,
The Negro's chains asunder rend!

THE NEGRO BOY SOLD FOR A WATCH.

When avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way:
Alas! for this poor simple toy,
I sold a blooming negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Though black, yet comely to their view,
I tore him helpless from their side,
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To fiends that Afric's coast annoy,
I sold the blooming negro boy.

From country, friends, and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And mark'd his agony of mind:
But still to gain this simple toy,
I gave away the negro boy.

In isles that deck the western waves,
I doomed the hopeless youth to dwell;
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell:
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much-enduring negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return,
But all their hopes and sighs are vain;
They never shall the sight enjoy
Of their lamented negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime;
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime;
No pleasing thoughts his mind employ,
A poor dejected negro boy.

But He, who walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunders heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the light'ning thro' the sky,
Forgive the wretch that for a toy
Could sell a helpless negro boy.

LETTER

FROM THE LITTLE SLAVES TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN OF NEW ENLGAND.

Blest children, you will never know
All that we have to undergo;
We labor hard from morn till night,
For one of your own color—*white.*

Our master is a wicked man—
For when we do what work we can,
He'll fret and scold—and say such words
As must displease the Lord of lords.

He ties us with a cruel string,
And whips us for some trifling thing;
Perhaps for stopping just to eat
The berries that surround our feet.

At night, upon a bed of hay,
We pass our toilless hours away—
And in the morning early rise,
Before the sun has reached the skies.

We have no schools—no one to teach—
And none upon the Sabbath preach;
We never hear of heaven and hell,
Except in oaths I fear to tell.

No mother here will ever dare
Lift up to God for us a prayer—
Except in secret, when no eye
Sees her, but that of Deity.

O, favored, happy children, you
Can never know what we pass through,
Lest you yourselves should slaves become,
And leave your parents, friends and home.

Then think of us, and pray that He
Who knows all things, will set us free;
And we to you will send our love,
And hope to meet you all above.

ANSWER

TO THE LETTER OF THE LITTLE SLAVES, BY THE SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Little slaves, we've read the letter,
Which to us you have addressed;
But *we* cannot make *them* better,
Who so sadly have oppressed.

Daily are our prayers ascending,
That the Lord will set you free—
And our alms are oft extending
In some work of charity.

All our teachers feel your sorrow,
And for you *they* often pray,
That a cheerful, brighter morrow
Soon will chase the clouds away.

May your path be filled with pleasure,
And your hearts with every joy;
May religion—blessed treasure!—
All your after life employ.

May the Saviour always guide you,
And protect you by his grace—
And though man severely chide you,
He will fill your souls with peace.

When below our days are ended,
We do hope to meet above
With the blessed Lord ascended,
You to whom we send our love.

VERSIFICATION OF A RECENT ANECDOTE.

A tawny slave whom grace had changed,
Was asked, with scornful voice,
'In what religion did consist,
And why he should rejoice?'

'*Massa*,'—he cried with simple tone,
'In my poor way, I'll tell,
'Tis only *ceasing to do wrong*,
And *learning to do well*.*

'And when poor black man feels his heart
Filled with the love of God,
He can rejoice,—give thanks, and sing,†
Though smarting with the rod.'

* Isaiah, i. 16, 17. † Acts, xvi. 25.

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

While Mungo Park was travelling in Africa in a very destitute condition, having passed a whole day without victuals, he was about to climb a tree, with the intention of spending the night in it, in order to be protected from the wild beasts. At this time, an African woman returning from the labors of the field, observing his weary and dejected appearance, with looks of great compassion, took up his saddle and bridle, and bade him follow her. She conducted him to her hut, lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor for him to lie on, and gave him some very fine broiled fish to eat, giving him to understand that he might repose in safety on the mat during the night. She then called to the female part of her family, who had been gazing on the white stranger with astonishment, to resume their labor of spinning cotton. They entertained themselves while spinning, with singing songs, one of which was composed extempore for the occasion, Mungo Park being the subject of it. The following is a literal translation of the song:

The loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
The white man yielded to the blast;
He sat him down beneath the tree,
For weary, sad, and faint was he:
And ah! no wife, nor mother's care,
For him the milk and corn prepare.
The white man shall our pity share:
Alas! no wife, nor mother's care,
For him the corn and milk prepare.

The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
The wind is heard in whispers low,
The white man far away must go;

But ever in his heart will bear
Remembrance of the Negro's care.
Go, white man, go; but with thee bear
The Negro's wish, the Negro's prayer;
Remembrance of the Negro's care.

THE PETITION

OF THE SUGAR-MAKING SLAVES—HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE CONSUMERS OF SUGAR.

You no wish that we should suffer,
Gentle Massa, we are sure;
You quite willing we be happy,
If you see it in your power.

We are very long kept toiling,
Fifteen hours in every day;
And the night for months is added,
Wearing all our strength away.

'Tis because you love our sugar,
And so *very much* you buy;
Therefore day and night we labor,
Labor, labor, till we die.

O! if less could e'er content you,
Or you'd buy from Eastern isles,
You would fill our hearts with gladness,
And our tearful eyes with smiles.

Then we should have time to rest us,
And our weary eyes might sleep;
We could raise provision plenty,
And we might the Sabbath keep.

'Twould not hurt us, Massa gentle,
If you should our sugar leave;
We should only fare the better,
So for us you need not grieve.

'Tis while plenty sugar's wanted,
That we suffer more and more:
Ease us, Massa, ease our sorrow!
See, it is within your power.

It should be enough for Massa,
If we work as English do;
All to want poor Negro's sugar,
Makes our toil a killing wo.

AN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,

'Do you take Sugar in your Tea?'

No, dear lady, none for me!
Though squeamish some may think it,
West Indian sugar spoils my tea;
I cannot, dare not drink it.

The simple produce of the cane
Excites no strong objections,
But with it comes a ghastly train
Of dreadful recollections.

True, the plant was freely given;
Kindly given to man to rear it;
Freely fall the dews of heaven,
Freely shine the rays that cheer it.

Yet, 'tis poisoned in its birth,
Dire oppression is its bane,

Cruel slavery tills the earth:
British slavery rears the cane.

Alas! what suffering and what guilt
Attend its cultivation;
What groans arise, what blood is spilt,
What bitter lamentation!

And shall such horrors have no end,
Such misery be eternal?
Will British Christians still befriend
A system so infernal?

And can I taste a single grain
Produced by such oppression,
The fruit of so much grief and pain,
The Negro's sad possession?

No, dear lady, none for me,
Though squeamish some may think it;
West Indian sugar spoils my tea,
I cannot, dare not drink it.

OH PRESS ME NOT TO TASTE AGAIN.

Oh, press me not to taste again
Of those luxuriant banquet-sweets!
Oh, hide from view the dark red stain,
That still my shuddering vision meets!

Away! 'tis loathsome! bear me hence!
I cannot feed on human sighs,
Or feast with sweets my palate's sense,
While blood is 'neath the fair disguise.

No, never let me taste again
Of aught beside the coarsest fare,
Far rather, than my conscience stain
With the polluted luxuries there!

THE SUGAR CANE.

Sweet Plant! so lovely to the sight,
With graceful crest of feathery white,
And waving leaves depending light,
By Hand Divine bedeck'd!
That Hand which gave us grain for food,
With gratifying sweets endued
Thy golden stem erect.

Thou wast by Nature, sure, design'd,
An emblem of the upright mind,
Bearing internal worth enshrin'd,
And hid from idle eyes:
No pilfering bee thy store can spoil;
It only yields to patient toil
Its rich inherent prize.

Shall bleeding hands thy prize profane?
Forbid it, Britain!—burst the chain!
From Slavery's grasp redeem the Cane!
Thou then its juice may'st sip,
As thine own board, free, blest, secure,
'Mid home delights, with conscience pure,
And praises on thy lip.

And, as thou think'st with joy sincere—
Joy, mingled with a grateful tear,
That Afric's sons are brethren here,
With Christian blessings grac'd;

From torture, vice, and bondage freed,
'Twill be a nectar'd drop indeed,
That angels lips might taste.

THE NOBLE NEGRO.*

Tremendous howls the angry blast!
The boldest hearts with terror quake!
High o'er the vessel's tottering mast
The liquid mountains fiercely break!
Each eye is fixed in wild despair,
And death displays its terrors there!

Now plunging in the dread abyss,
They pierce the bosom of the deep;
Now rise where vivid lightnings hiss,
And seem the murky clouds to sweep:
Through the dark waste dread thunders roll,
And horrors chill the frigid soul!

The storm abates; but shattered sore,
The leaky vessel drinks the brine:
They seek in vain some friendly shore;
Their spirits sink, their hopes decline!
But lo! what joy succeeds their grief!
Kind Heaven bestows the wished relief.

See, on the deck young Marco stands,
Two blooming cherubs by his side,

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*The above lines were written by Selleck Osborn, on the occasion of a negro servant sacrificing himself to save the two children of his master, there not being room for all in the boat, which had been sent to rescue them from destruction.

Entrusted to his faithful hands,
'A mother's joy, a father's pride;'
Though black his skin, as shades of night,
His heart is fair, his soul is white.

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,
Except the noble, generous boy;
'Go, lovely infants, go,' he cries,
'And give your anxious parents joy:—
No mother will for Marco weep,
Then fate entombs him in the deep!

'Long have my kindred ceased to grieve,
No sister kind my fate shall mourn;
No breast for me a sigh will heave,
No bosom friend waits my return!'
He said, and sinking, sought the happy shore,
Where toil and slavery vex the soul no more.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

No surge was on the sea,
No cloud was on the day,
When the ship spread her white wings
Like the sea-bird on her way.

Ocean lay bright before,
The shore lay green behind,
And a breath of spice and balm
Came on the landward wind.

There rose a curse and wail,
As that vessel left the shore;
And last looks sought their native land,
Which should dwell there no more!

Who, seeing the fair ship
That swept through the bright waves,
Would dream that tyrants trode her deck,
And that her freight was slaves?

By day was heard the lash,
By night the heavy groan;
For the slave's blood was on the chain
That festered to the bone!

One was in that dark ship,
A prince in his own land;
He scorned the chain, he scorned the threat—
He scorned his fettered hand.

He called upon his tribe,
And said they might be free!
And his brow was cold and stern,
As he pointed to the sea.

Next night a sullen sound
Was heard amid the wave!
The tyrants sought their captives—
They only found their grave.

LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT.

Here in the wiry prison, where I sing,
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly;
Unable to stretch my feeble wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky.

Oh, how I long to stretch my weary wing,
And fly away as far as eye can see;
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as gay as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest?
From flow'ry fields, wide woods, and hedges green;
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand,
Unbar my prison door and set me free;
Then on the white thorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

FACTS.

Do you know how many slaves there are in this country? I'll tell you. Judge Jay, in his 'Inquiry, &c.,' says 'there are above two millions, two hundred and forty-five thousand.'

If they all stood in a row (close together) they would reach from New-York city to the mouth of the Ohio river!

All these slaves are held by their masters, as *property*, the same as horses, cows, oxen, and sheep. And many of them are treated a great deal worse than people treat cattle.

These poor slaves have *souls*, the same as you or I. Jesus Christ died to save them. If they are good he will take them to heaven. There will be no slavery there. Think of that.